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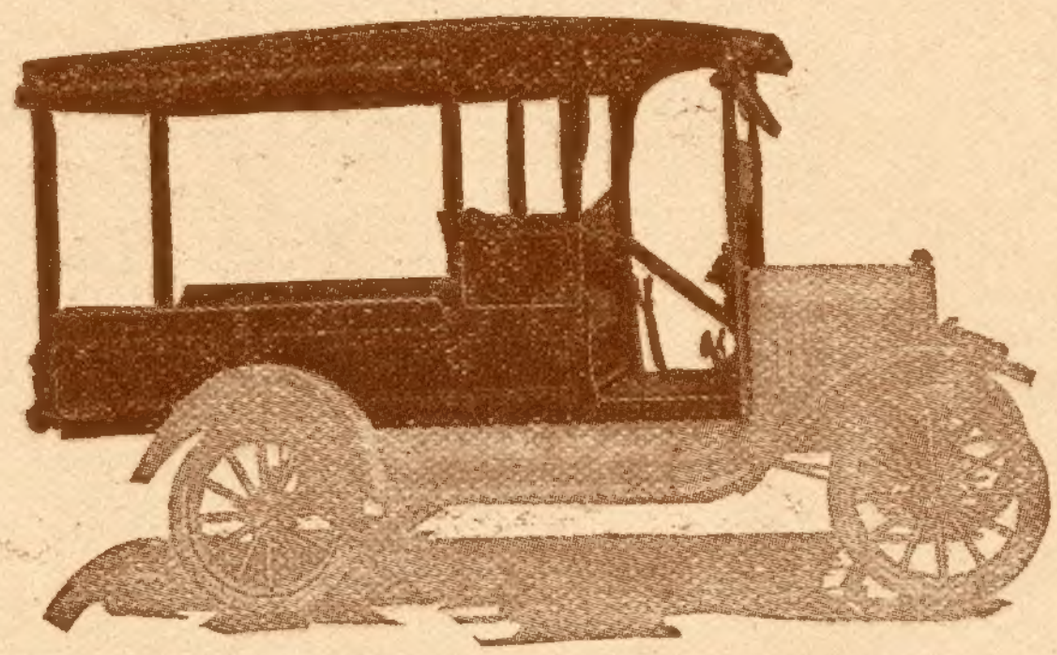

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THE ACROPOLIS

A Paper by the Students of Barringer High School
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

April, Nineteen Hundred Twenty-Two

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THE ACROPOLIS

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NEWARK, N. J., APRIL, 1922

Loyalty is not lacking in Barringer. Every student is proud of our famous old Barringer spirit. Surely Mr. Stearns is the best principal in all these United States. Our teachers and advisors are the best there are. Barringer has a record of which we may well be proud.

In the recent loyalty exercises, loyalty to home, school and country was emphasized. Those were impressive exercises, and the whole school benefited greatly by them. The display of buttons shows the school to be behind the movement.

Still, there was one very important way in which we may show our loyalty omitted. GO TO THE BASEBALL GAMES AND CHEER! Every year this thing is brought before the school in The Acropolis; every year the crowds have been poor. Mr. Stearns does not forbid cheering, and we even go so far as to suggest that he might permit a little practice in the auditorium. Don't be satisfied until the stands are as crowded as they were last fall. This editorial was written for you. LET'S GO!

THE COLLEGE NUMBER

All hail to our ex-Barringerites now in college who have so generously contributed to the interest of the "College Number." We notice a very interesting write-up of Williams College written by our old friend and editor, Fred Frost. Certainly great times must be had in Williamstown on the day of the great "peerade."

Then there appears the name of Charles Brewer, who, we understand, has been upholding Barringer honor at Princeton. He has something to say which should interest every one of us.

There is also appreciation due to "Bob" Mapletoft of Princeton, who, although he did not write an article for us, helped greatly in

securing the Princeton write-ups for The Acropolis. We must not overlook the fact that he recently received the Phi Beta Kappa key.

Ralph Dawson, author of the article about the University of Vermont, we understand, is taking an engineering course.

Kathryn Elkins, our contributor from Normal School, is making as good a record there as she did in Barringer.

We hope that the records and the articles of these graduates may inspire our present Barringerites to further efforts, that the good name of Barringer may never grow dim.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU ANNOUNCEMENT

Editor's Note: We hope that this announcement which we have been requested by Mr. Kenneth K. King, Director of Vocational Guidance, to insert in the Acropolis, may prove of value to some Barringerites.

As the end of the school year approaches, many of us are concerned with the problem of employment. The Employment Bureau of the Board of Education has been established to make this problem easier to solve. This bureau is very anxious to have all those who desire employment, either for a permanent position or for the vacation months, to ask their principal to fill out their school history card and to present the card personally to the Employment Bureau office in the Lawrence Street School. Those students who graduate in June, particularly from the high school and who do not intend to continue their education at college, should call at the Employment Bureau a month or so in advance of their graduation.

There is a constantly growing number of responsible employers throughout the city who are asking the Bureau to put them in touch with high school graduates who desire employment. A little time is needed to complete the preliminary work before a placement is made, so it would be to your advantage to register early. The Employment Bureau, which is located in the Lawrence Street School, at the foot of Clinton Street, is open until 5 P. M. each day except Saturday.

MARCH HONOR ROLL

4A Room 25. Laurence Burgyes, Thelma Ruffkess, Henry Venus.
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Room 66. Robert Mayer.

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1A Room 3[1]. Robert Jennings.
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Room 93[1]. Edward Conklin, Helen Murphy, Elizabeth Alpern.

(Continued on page 30)

WILLIAMS

By FRED A. FROST

Williams is situated in a typical Berkshire valley in the northwestern corner of Massachusetts, 148 miles from Boston and 48 miles from Albany. The college owes its origin to an educational bequest of Colonel Ephraim Williams. The Massachusetts State Legislature granted the charter in 1793.

A conservative college, Williams still holds to the study of the classics; in this respect it stands with the few American classical colleges. Still, the sciences and other modern studies are by no means neglected. Thus Williams offers a well-rounded course for the student who wishes a general education or preparation for professional or business training.

Williams is a small college; the present enrollment is about 600. This offers several advantages: it gives the student more individual attention from the professors; it gives him opportunity to know not only all the men in his own class, but also many men in the other classes, and it gives each man a chance to engage in some college activity.

Activities in Williams are divided into two groups: athletics and non-athletics. The major sports are football, baseball, and track. The minor sports are basketball, tennis, swimming, golf, and hocky. Williams also has a gun club and an areo club, being in the last respect one of the charter members of the Intercollegiate Flying Association. Two of the most noted athletes of the last few years are Bennie Boynton, '21, picked by Walter Camp in 1917 for his All-American football team, and Horace Brown, '20, winner of the 3000-meter race in the Olympics.

Under the non-athletic group comes: "The Williams Record," college newspaper published twice a week; "The Purple Cow," the college humorous monthly; "The Graphic and Literary Monthly," the monthly literary magazine; "The Gulielmensian," the year-book; "The Handbook," published under the auspices of the Williams Christian Association for the benefit of Freshmen. (This little book is always called the "Freshmen Bible," because it tells the Fresh just what he may and may not do.) "The Adelphic Union" has charge of the debating and oratory. "Cap and Bells" directs all the college dramatics. During the Christmas holidays the club travels in the East, playing in several large cities. Those interested in music put their efforts into the "Glee Club" or the "Mandolin Club." These clubs also go on a joint tour at Christmas. Many students are interested in the work of the Williams Christian Association, which is affiliated with the national Y. M. C. A.

There are fourteen fraternities at Williams and a "Commons Club" for non-fraternity men. During the winter an intramural basketball league is formed by the fraternities, the winner receiving a cup. In the spring baseball holds the foreground; the winner here also receives a cup. These games do much to bring the fraternities into closer relations and to develop material for the varsity.

Williams has two national honorary societies: Phi Beta Kappa for scholarship and Delta Sigma Rho for prize speaking and debating. At the end of the junior year those men who have done the most for Williams are "tapped for Gargoyle." This is the highest campus honor conferred on a man.

Like all colleges, Williams has certain traditions and customs peculiar to itself which are very interesting and also do much to create "college spirit." One of the oldest customs is the celebration of "Mountain Day." On a clear day in October a holiday is given to afford the students an opportunity for hiking. As Williams is situated in the very heart of the Berkshires, there are many delightful trips in the nearby hills. Mount Greylock, the highest peak in the State, is only a few miles away, and many make it the objective of an all-night hike.

Early in the fall the tug-of-war brings the Freshmen and the Sophomores together for their annual battle. It is a most amusing spectacle to the upper classmen. Each class assembles on opposite banks of the Green River. The signal is given by a Senior, who stands in the middle of the stream and fires a gun. To win a pull, one class must drag the other

through the river, and the class winning two out of three pulls is declared the victor. In the event that the Freshmen win the pulls, they must also carry the rope back to the campus before their victory may be called complete. If the Sophomores win they, also, must get the rope back to the campus. It is very seldom that the Freshmen lose, but the present class went through the river twice. The present junior class lost the pull both when they were Freshmen and when they were Sophomores. These two Freshmen classes are the only two that have lost the pull in the last twenty years.

The Freshmen, and those of the Sophomores who have merited such distinction, are the entertainers in the annual "Peerade." The "Peerade" is always held on the afternoon of the second home football game—a time when the whole college is assembled and when there are also many visitors. A committee of upper classmen have charge of the affair and select the costumes for the victims. The Freshmen are bedecked to represent national and local figures and the—faculty. No "Peerade" is complete without a few of the faculty members present, although they may not know it themselves. The troupe starts from the center of the campus and, led by a brass band hired for the occasion, they march through the main streets of Willimstown and then march around the football field. Last year's "Peerade" included such notables as Mary Pickford, Lord Bryce, Tom Mix, Lionel Strongfort, and the Smith Brothers with their famous beards. Another feature was a whole band of the Ku Klux Klan.

On May 30 each year an interclass singing contest is held. Each of the four classes sing two songs, one of which is original.

Some time in the early spring a selected committee produce a play for the benefit of the student body. This usually takes the form of a musical comedy and is especialy noted for its beautiful "girls." Here again the poor faculty comes in for much imitation. One year a scene was staged which gave an exact imitation of the chapel service. This year's show is to be called "Vanity Fair."

Houseparty time comes twice a year, in January and in June. Everybody is happy then for two reasons: first, the examinations are over, and, second (what is better yet), girls are the guests of honor. They are given the "freedom of the city," and no stone is left unturned to give them a good time. During houseparty time in January the Sophomores hold their annual prom and the Seniors hold theirs in June.

An article on Williams would not be complete without giving some of the rules regarding Freshmen. Here are the most interesting:

Freshmen must wear the regulation hat in town and in the city of North Adams.

Freshmen must not smoke on the streets.

Freshmen must yield precedence to upper classmen on the street and in the trolley cars.

Freshmen may not wear leather or fur coats.

Freshmen may not wear knickerbockers or army breeches.

Freshmen may not sit in the center section of the movies.

These rules must be carried out to the letter and woe to the Frosh who forgets.

Williams is one of the few colleges in which the Honor System of examinations is used with success— a fact of which the college is justly proud. Under this system the student is placed on his honor, and at the end of the paper he signs the following declaration: "I have neither given nor received aid in this examination." All cases of suspected fraud are dealt with by a committee of ten students, who have the power to decide on the question of guilt and to recommend to the Faculty the penalty of dismissal or suspension from college. It is no unusual sight to see the professor leave the room at the beginning of the examination and not come back until the end.

Its customs and its traditions, its work and its activities all point to one purpose, that for which Williams stands: "To develop in the individual student the sense of personal responsibility for good order and a high standard of scholarship, and to develop his own character."

PRINCETON

By CHARLES E. BREWER, JR.
Barringer '20

At some time in every young man's life there comes the question as to whether or not he should go to college, and not having been to college himself he is forced to make his decision on the basis of second-hand information. He can look around him and see what kind of life a college graduate leads after spending four years (or more) within college walls; or he can listen to advice from an undergraduate who is in touch with things and who knows something of what college has to offer a man, and base his decision upon that. So it is with the purpose of giving a little friendy advice, if I may, that I am writing you this very brief sketch giving some advantages of a college education.

Should a man go to college? By all means. College has something for every man who enters, and if he enters with a determination and a serious purpose, he will get that "something." Taking colleges in the large, there are two general types of study which they embrace. The first, including such schools as Stevens and M.I.T., fits a man for a definite job in life. If a man intends to be an engineer of some kind, this is the type of school that he should choose. The education that he gets there will be chiefly vocational. The second type, which I am more concerned with, fits a man to live his life successfully as a life, not as a job. This is sometimes called a cultural education, and I shall deal with it more fully further on. Princeton offers such an education to the man who enters here. It is not a vocational school; it does not claim to be one. But it does fit a man for a life of service and happiness.

A college has its limitations. No college will guarantee to make a millionaire of you, and few will offer you a job as bank president as soon as you receive a diploma. But if anyone goes to college only to prepare himself to make a bigger salary when he gets out, he has mistaken the real purposes of a college. If in four years of college life and study a man has gained only the power to make money more easily than he could before, he has gained something, but it is one of the smallest things to be acquired from college.

What, then, has a cultural college, such as Princeton, to offer to her sons? In the first place, it seems to me, a man should get out of such a college the ability to think clearly. A set of keen wits is an enviable possession in the world today. I don't want to be a preacher and preach you a sermon, but I heard a fine little parable the other day which illustrates the very point I'm driving at: Two trees of equal size stood in a field, and two young men of equal strength were to have a contest to see which one could chop down his tree first. Each man was given an axe of the same weight and edge. At the word "Go" one man began chopping vigorously, while the other went over to the grindstone to grind his axe. He ground steadily while his opponent was making a considerable hole in his tree. Then when his case seemed nearly hopeless the grinder left the grindstone and with a few blows of his sharper axe he defeated his competitor.

So college seems to me like a grindstone. You come with an axe only partly sharpened by a high school training and you put the finishing touches on it here, so that when you get out your axe is keener than your opponent's, which was only partially sharpened in a high school. To the man in college it may seem as if he can never catch up to the fellow who began work immediately upon leaving high school, but if he is the right kind of fellow he need have no worry about that. So I think that the first big thing a man should get out of college is the ability to think clearly.

Besides this, a man should acquire the power of enjoying knowledge. In a recent address President Lowell of Harvard said that this was the chief advantage of a college education. In these times of revolution and chaos, when every one is thinking in terms of dollars, it is refreshing to hear a distinguished man say that there is more than financial gain to be gotten out of college, and that a college graduate in his private life reaps the greatest benefits of his college training. Having the fundamental back-

ground of knowledge, the deeper and more significant facts of life are full of intense meaning for the college man, whereas for the man who has not been given this background, these facts have little meaning.

A third lasting benefit to be gotten out of college, and the last which I shall touch upon here, is developed by those men who, on entering college, set themselves to attain it. That quality is character. If the undergraduate does not keep the thought before him, that he should try to strengthen his character every day, he is not likely to receive the benefits in this line which college has to give. But if the student does keep this idea in mind, he has ample opportunity to benefit by it. In his associations with his professors, usually men of highest character, he can find many qualities which he should copy, and some traits which he should avoid. Moreover, he has the opportunity of hearing some of the great leaders of the day in every field of thought, and their words always give him fruitful ideas. This opportunity is seldom given in such large measure to young men outside of college.

So if asked to give what I consider to be the three greatest and most lasting benefits of a college education I should give these: First, the ability to think clearly; second, the capacity for enjoying knowledge; and, third, a sound character. Many men come to college, spend four years, and go away without getting any of these. A man will get what he goes after. If he enters a college only for the social life, he will undoubtedly make many friends and spend the four best years of his life in sociability. But for the man of serious purpose the college offers much more than that. Do not misunderstand me. I do not for a moment condemn the social life of a college. It is a big and vital factor, and it must stand in second place to the three others I have named. Everything is good in its place, but out of its place it often does more harm than good.

I headed this article "Princeton" and so far I've just mentioned the name once or twice and have been talking about college education in general. Well, to be perfectly frank with you, it does not interest me so much what college you go to, as long as you go. All colleges whose curricula are planned along cultural lines have the same interests at heart, and any serious-minded fellow will get nearly as much from one as he does from another. Of course, I'm prejudiced. I think Princeton is the finest college on the face of the earth and I'll continue to think so till doomsday, and if I could persuade you all to come to Princeton I would do it. But knowing that that is impossible, I shall be satisfied if I can persuade a few of you to consider seriously what any good college can offer you.

What keeps a man from going to college, anyway? Probably money (or lack of it) is the greatest factor which keeps men from going to college. They figure the cost of college life up in the thousands a year, and give it up as a bad job. But really, college is not nearly so expensive as you would think. Outside of a few bare necessities, it is entirely up to you how much you spend. Here in Princeton there are a few fellows who are going through on practically "nothing a year," and there is a host of men who are partially working their way through. The poorest fellow can come here and with a little initiative and pluck get through in fine style.

Just to give you a few specific means at your disposal here in Princeton: In the University dining halls, by waiting on tables two meals a day and eating with your classmates the other meal, you get your board free; and if your scholastic standing is good you can get a scholarship which takes care of your tuition; and there are some rooms on the campus which rent for only thirty dollars a year. In view of this, lack of funds should not keep any ambitious man from coming to college.

Probably the other big element which keeps a man from going to college is the fear that his classmates who begin work immediately after leaving high school will get so far ahead of him that he can never catch up. Remember the parable of the axe and don't worry. As a matter of cold fact, statistics show that the average college man always catches up to and passes the average high school man inside of ten years. So, except in unusual cases, there is no reason why anyone should stay away from college on that account.

College is such a big thing that I would like to say more about it if space permitted. I speak from experience when I say that it is the biggest thing in life for any young man, and I

feel sure that any fellow who of his own accord lets the opportunity for a college education pass by, not only does himself a great wrong, but deprives the world, too, of something which it might have had if that man had developed himself to his highest capacity. May I see many of you in Princeton next fall, and may all of you think seriously of going to college!

THE CLUB SYSTEM AT PRINCETON

The club system at Princeton, although not at all an innovation, is probably not very well understood by most outsiders. It has many disadvantages, it must be admitted; but on the whole its advantages so far outweigh its disadvantages that it is generally admitted by those who are in a position to judge such things to be superior to the fraternity system which is in operation in most colleges.

At most colleges where the fraternity system is in operation the different fraternities extend their invitations, or, to use the vernacular, "bids," to those members of the Freshmen class whom they desire as members as soon as the entering men arrive on the campus. In fact, fraternities in many colleges even go so far as to extend invitations to men still in high schools and preparatory schools who intend to matriculate at the college in which these fraternities are located.

Obviously this plan has many disadvantages not only for the entering man, but also for the fraternity. As regards the fraternity it extends its invitation to the man who it thinks is destined to become popular and achieve something in college. This judgment of the fraternities is based almost entirely on the man's secondary school record. However, the fact that a man has accomplished something in secondary school does not make it certain that he will do the same in college. In fact, in many cases the opposite is true. The main reason for this is the fact that the change from secondary school to college is very distinct and marked. This change is perhaps not so marked when viewed from the academic standpoint as when viewed from the social and athletic standpoints.

Provided a man has attended a secondary school which has a competent faculty, which, by the way is the case in Barringer, as those of us who are now graduates will readily testify, he should, and in most cases does, find no difficulty in keeping his "head above water" academically. From the social and athletic viewpoints, however, such is not the case. When a man is in secondary school he chums with companions who know him as he really is, while in college in most cases he is thrown among strangers. There in college a man is judged more on his external characteristics. This, of course, is not a proper basis for a sound judgment of a man, but under the circumstances it is the only basis possible.

In athletics the change is just as marked. In the secondary school a man does not have to compete with so many men as he does in college, nor is the competition in secondary school athletics among men of as great ability as in college athletics. In college athletics the competition is usually among the men who have "starred" in secondary school athletics, and although a man may have been a wonderful athlete in his secondary school that is no indication that he will be the same when competing with men who have been wonderful athletes in other secondary schools. Very often, too, an athletic "star" from a secondary school may be placed at a great disadvantage, due to the difference in systems in the secondary school and college. Thus we can see there is a great chance of the man, who has done remarkably well in secondary school, not doing so well in college, and in this way the fraternity may really take a person who is to be only mediocre in college and who will, because of this, not be such a credit to the fraternity as it in the beginning thought he would.

This fraternity system also is disadvantageous for the individual; for not knowing the members of the fraternity intimately when he joins he may find afterwards they are not at all of his type and thus be forced to live a more unpleasant college life than he would have had to had he not joined his particular fraternity.

These disadvantages are largely eradicated by the club system. Under the club system the various clubs do not extend any invitations to prospective club members until the latter have been in college a year and a half. In this way the club is sure to have a sounder judgment of the individual as a college man than the fraternity has and thus obtain the man whom it

really wants, while the individual, due to the fact that he cannot join a club until he has been in college three semesters, has a fine chance to know more intimately the members of the club and thus join the club whose members are more nearly of his type.

The club system is also much better for the college than the fraternity system. Under the fraternity system, because of the fact that a man joins his fraternity in his freshman year, if not before, and also because of the fact that a man eats, sleeps and studies with his fraternity brothers, it often happens that he becomes very narrow. He travels one path with one "clique" all the time, and in this way does not meet many of his classmates except those in his own fraternity. This is extremely harmful to the college. Under the club system this does not occur, for until the individual joins a club he is required to eat in what is known as the University "Commons." Since no one is allowed to eat in a club until he becomes a Junior, even though he may join during the last part of his Sophomore year, this means that for two full years a man must eat at the same place all his classmates eat. Due to this a man is bound to meet most of his classmates, and, indeed, become quite well acquainted with them. This makes for greater democracy in the college, which is bound to give a stronger and more vigorous college spirit, which really is of utmost importance to a college. Furthermore, this democracy is not lost even after a man becomes a club member, for it must be remembered the clubs are only places in which a man eats. In other words, they are really only eating clubs, and, besides, they are not in any way secret societies as fraternities are.

The club member, even though he eats with a small group, must live in a dormitory, which means that he spends only about five hours per day at his club, while the fraternity man, except for the time he spends at classes and in athletics and extra curriculum activities, is at his fraternity house. In this way the club man is better able and more likely to continue the friendships made during his first two years with men who are in other clubs than the fraternity man is with men in other fraternities whom he may know.

Then, too, at Princeton, there are no secret societies save The American Whig and The Cleosophic debating societies; in fact, the Freshman upon entering is required to sign a pledge binding himself not to join any secret societies during his undergraduate days. This, of course, makes it impossible for the eating clubs to be secret societies. This prevents any strong "cliques" being formed that might be formed were not the eating clubs non-secret, even with all the other precautions to prevent it.

Another very valuable provision under the club system which tends to promote democracy is the provision which makes it possible for any club member to visit any other club as the guest of a member of the other club. In this way the club member visits other clubs very often, which also prevents a member of one club from becoming totally estranged from a friend who is a member of another club. And this greater democracy is not alone advantageous for the college but also very much so for the individual.

Too often the criticism of colleges is that they produce "snobs." Very often where this is true it is due to the fact that the man while in college was a member of a "clique" which considered its members better than the members of the other "cliques," and naturally upon graduating the man who has been a member of this self-styled "select few" will become a true "snob" in the outside world. However, if a man has been very democratic in college he will be much less likely to become a snob when he graduates and is forced to mix with all kinds of people.

All in all, then, we can see that the club system is better than the fraternity system because it is better for all concerned: the individual, the group and the college.

Card from a local station agent to a studious citizen:

"Sir—Please send, without delay, for the case of books directed to you, which is lying at this station and is leaking badly."—Ex.

Teacher: "Your figures are terrible. Look at that eight; anyone would take it for a three."

Stude: "But it is a three, sir."

Teacher: "A three? I could have sworn it was an eight."

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT

Dear Barringerites:

It seems about two years since I left Barringer and came up here to the University of Vermont. The college is beautifully located in Burlington, Vt., on a hill about half a mile above the city, overlooking Lake Champlain. The Green Mountains lie to the east of us and the Adirondacks to the west, across the lake. The University itself consists of four colleges, which offer courses in Agriculture, Arts and Sciences, Medicine and Engineering. The Medical College is classed as one of the best in the country and the Engineering course is not to be overlooked.

Vermont, due probably to its location, is not heard of as much as some of the larger colleges like Yale and Princeton, but it holds its own in athletics and scholarship with others of its size. It is a co-educational institution, and has an enrollment of somewhat over a thousand students from all over the United States. As a college for a person not overburdened with money it is ideal, since the expenses are not so great as at institutions like Dartmouth, Yale or Harvard. Some of the best fraternities and sororities in the country have chapters here, which means that the college is vibrant with social life.

Some of the teams on our schedules are Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Holy Cross, Maine, University of Pennsylvania, West Point, Williams and Detroit. A midwinter carnival is held yearly, in which teams from McGill, Middlebury and Dartmouth compete.

Events consist of snowshoeing, hockey, skiing and ski-journeys. A new ski jump similar to the one at Dartmouth is to be built next year. Winter sports are very popular in this section of the country, as there is abundant snow.

As you can see from my resume of our activities, I have already enjoyed some wonderful times here. "Hops," "Kake Walk," skiing and skating on Lake Champlain form only a part of them.

If any are thinking of coming to Vermont next fall I can assure them a wonderful time as well as a worthy Alma Mater. First hand information can be obtained from Mr. Ellis, who is a Vermont graduate.

Yours for Vermont,

Ralph W. Dawson, '21.

NEWARK NORMAL SCHOOL

By KATHRYN ELKINS

Barringer, of course, is well represented at the Newark Normal School, and the students down here find it very different from high school. When we took five subjects at Barringer we thought that we were doing well—but suppose you had twice that number? True, the individual subjects here are not as difficult as the individual high school subjects, and that helps some, but still it surely does seem queer once in a while.

Aside from the difficulties we find, we discover that some very nice things really do happen down here on Belleville Avenue. We have been favored and honored by having two or three very fine talks from prominent men and women. Dr. Winship, a man very well known in educational circles, spoke to us, as did Mrs. Douglas, the dean of the New Jersey College for Women. And one week, as a special treat, we had movies! Educational ones, of course, which were explained by Mr. Balcom.

And so, you see, Barringer sends its graduates far and near, and it is sometimes just as interesting to hear about those near at hand as about those who are far away.

Literature

EXPERIENCES OF THE FIRST OIL SHIP

By HENRI J. DRUQUER

I often wonder how many of my school friends know true stories which have been told to them by their fathers—stories in which they have had some part. The following has been told to me by my father, Monsieur Druquer:

It was in the year 1912 that I sailed as the captain on the first cargo ship to use oil instead of coal for fuel. If I made a success of this trip I saw that my future happiness was assured. Not only would I gain an enormous amount of money, but also I would win the girl of my heart. I was engaged to a wonderful girl named Jeannette. Our marriage had been arranged. I was to make the trip to America, attend to my business there, and return to her and marriage in six weeks. I set sail from Rouen on the first of February. It was a cool, crisp morning as we sailed down the Seine, through the channel and into the Atlantic. Everyone felt like working and everyone did work, with the result that we had covered in eight days what I had thought would take ten.

One fine morning my friend Le Sage came up to me and said, "Say, Druquer, you win that bet about Harry. I could have sworn he was no good." "That shows that I am a better judge of men than you," I laughingly replied. "But say," I continued, "it looks as though something we can't stop is going to happen." "What! Something to stop us from making that record-breaking trip?" asked my friend hurriedly. "Yes, not only stop us from making that record-breaking trip, but it will hold us out here a few days. It is one of those north-eastern storms that is coming upon us."

Sure enough, as I had said, we got that storm and terrible it was. Of course, the water was too deep for us to anchor, and the waves, wind and storm played with our ship like a toy, knocking it from one place to another.

At the end of the first two days, having had so much to do and no sleep, I was nearly dead. I returned to my cabin, having gone the rounds of the boiler rooms, and found Le Sage pacing up and down and looking as though he had lost his best friend.

"I am not much of a sea rover and have never been in a storm like this before," he stuttered, "but my common sense tells me that if it lasts much longer the ship will give way." "Well," said I, with a forced smile, "this ship is made to stand little storm, and, besides, it

BOUND BY SCHELLER

will not last forever." "Eh? Little storm?" said he under his breath. "Little storm!"

"I'll admit we are not making any headway, but we have enough oil and food to last us till the end of the journey, so why worry?"

In the meantime all hands in the boiler-room were working hard to get enough steam to keep up the battle against the storm. The chief officer, Harry, looked at the oil gauge and saw that one of the oil tanks was empty, so he took the natural course.

It must be understod that when one tank of oil is burned, the valves to the boilers are locked and those to the sea are opened and water is allowed into the tank. This water is used as a ballast. Harry, accordingly, opened the sea valves to let the water from the ocean roll in.

In two hours the fires were out. The question before me now was, "What put them out?" I then called the chief officer. "Harry," said I, when he approached, "the fires have gone out. You are responsible. What has happened?" "Sir," answered Harry, "when I let water into tank 12 —I—think that I forgot to close the boiler valve." "Think! Forgot!" I stormed. "Think! Forgot! Don't you know that we are miles out of our course and in a big storm, and for you to forget may mean the life of every man on board? We cannot sail without oil, and we cannot live without food: you had the life of fifty men in your hands."

"Le Sage!" cried I with a voice I did not think belonged to me; "you take charge aft with twenty men, and I will take charge fore with the remaining thirty men. Chop the brooms for firewood: we **must** have a fire in order to separate the oil from the water and have enough fuel to continue our trip."

All went to work. The engineers strapped all the fresh water tanks on to the expansion tanks. Then they took all the steam coils out of the staterooms and connected them inside of the fresh water tanks. On land, if water is introduced into an oil tank, it will separate from the oil, but on shipboard the tossing of the ship kept continually mixing the water with the oil, forcing us to send the water off in steam by the way of buildings fires under the tanks.

At the end of five days all was in readiness for separation, but, as luck would have it, on the sixth day a storm came up, loosenening all the tanks on board. The second time the strapping took eight days. The experiment of separating the oil from the water was again tried. This time it worked. But all was not yet well. I was not over the joy of the experiment when the chef approached me and in a deep and grave voice said:

"Captain, I have utilized all our food and all that we have left is pigs' feet and knuckles, of which we have enough to last us for six months."

"Well," said I, downheardtedly, "I am at least glad that we are carrying a cargo of them to America."

After three more weeks of hard work, the men all working nineteen and tweny hours a day, we managed to get enough oil out to warrant our continuing the trip. I saw, meanwhile, that all my men, including myself, were nearly dropping from fatigue, so before starting I ordered a twenty-four-hour rest and every one well deserved it.

But worse trouble was to come.

During the night I arose and smelled smoke. I woke Le Sage and we went hunting for the fire. My first thought was the men's staterooms. Could it have been that one of the crew had been smoking and had fallen asleep with his pipe alight. I rushed to the men's quarters, but no, there was no smoke there. They were all asleep. Next I rang the fire bell and ran to the engine room followed by all the men who were aroused by the fire bell. As I opened the fireproof doors a room full of smoke greeted me. It was utterly impossible for us to enter, but thinking of the men inside, I made a rush for the room and returned, dragging one of the men behind me unconscious. I tried to go inside again, but my strength failed me and all grew dim. Finally, I could see no more.

* * * *

It may seem curious, but I dreamt of nothing while asleep, and when I awoke it was with a start.

"Where am I? Who are you? What am I doing here? What has happened?" were a few of the questions I put to Le Sage when I awoke. "Be quiet," he answered, in his cold calm way. "Be still, Druquer; it is all over and you might as well sleep. We have lost all our oil and wood in the fire." Slowly it all came back to me. He was speaking again. "We had to

turn all the oil into the sea or the ship would have been completely lost. As it was, we have not lost the life of a single man."

"You're right, Le Sage," I said quietly; "it was the only practical thing to do. But, as I remember, before the fire we were slowly drifting to our course, and if our luck changes we will surely be sighted."

For the next two months nothing of importance happened. The men sat around all day doing nothing, and all I did was to think of Jeanette. I was to have seen her six weeks after leaving France, and now three months had already passed.

"She must think I am dead," I kept saying. "If I could only let her know!"

At last our waiting was rewarded. On a morning as clear as the one when we left France we sighted an American ship. By our flags she knew we were in distress and immediately came to our aid. We were then transported from our ship to that of our rescuers.

Our crew must have presented a terrible sight. Many had not been washed for a month and none had been shaved for two. Their clothes were torn and dirty. The first thing that the captain of the rescuers did was to give us something to eat, and eat we did. I don't think that I ever saw fifty men eat and drink as much as they did. All they did for two hours was eat and drink, eat and drink, eat and drink! One would think that they were mad. But as soon as I was only half full of food I began to think of Jeanette. Oh, if I could only see her! I tried to eat something more, but it was impossible. It would take another forty-eight hours to reach port: it would kill me.

After what seemed to me to be about a month, but in reality was about two days, we arrived in Sabine Pass, Texas. Words cannot express how land looked to me. My first thought was to go to New York, as Jeanette's father had an office there. In all my life I never acted so quickly. In less than an hour I was on a train bound for New York. But in spite of all the joy, the journey was one bore after another. I could not rest until I was in his office.

Arriving there I tendered the office boy my card, and in less time than it takes to tell it I saw Jeanette's father at the door of his private office beaming with smiles. He conducted me into his private office and then dressed. We hurried out and caught a bus which landed us at our destination. We entered a hotel and were shown into the private lobby. There was Jeanette sitting at the far end under a window. I saw her before she saw me.

"Jeanette——" was all I could say.

"Well—if—if——" cried Jeanette, steadily advancing towards me. In another moment she was clasped in my arms. What happened after that I leave to you.

THE BLACK RAVEN

By IRVING BROWNE

Where the lofty Carpathians, linked together in a chain like the great guardians of their verdant valley, reflect their solemn and majestic beauty in the crystal waters of the Krath, may be seen a solitary and barren rock, totally devoid of vegetation and washed by the tumultuous river, which rushes from beneath its gruesome shadows to frolic again in brightness in the sunlight beyond.

The Count of Slavna was as courageous as he was high-born, and riches had been lavished upon him until he had become one of the richest nobles in the Empire.

It chanced that one day he hunted, with a great retinue attending him, among the vast mountain fastnesses; and glorious was the sport of that gallant hunt. The light-footed chamois, the antlered deer, the fierce wolf, and the grizzly bear were alike victims of the swift arrows of the skilled archers. When, as the sun was about to set, he made his camp on the pleasant bank of the laughing Krath, just where, on the opposite side of the channel, the solitary and menacing rock we have described turned aside the glancing waters, the heart of the Count was merry, for the day's sport had not been without a few exciting thrills, the results of which were valued trophies for those

whom he loved best. The deep draughts from the wine cup brightened his humor, and he listened, with a light smile upon his lips, to the gay sallies of the joyous company.

As they talked idly of the day's hunting, however, one man wished that the deer had taken another direction; a second, that he had not missed a certain shot at the coveted chamois; a third, that he had not lost his precious hunting-knife. In short, there was not an individual among them who had not some regret blended with his triumph.

"Hear me!" exclaimed the noble Count, during a dull pause in the conversation. "I seem to be the only one today who has enjoyed true sport without offending that ever great goddess of chance. It is true that all your grievances are of a light nature, but I will not have any cloud cast a shadow on the sport of today. Therefore to compensate you for these mishaps, serious in your estimation, light in mine, each of you may make a wish, and if it be within my power to do so, I pledge my knightly honor that it will be fulfilled."

The group were dazed for a moment from astonishment, and then a murmur of admiration ran through the excited circle. Gold was the first thing asked for—for all men are greedy; revenge upon an enemy came next—for all men are jealous of their rivals and love vengeance; then came power, authority, dominion—for all men love to rule over their fellow beings. In short, every wish that was within reason had been granted, and then the piercing eye of the Count of Slavna fell upon his jester, Vassip, who was playing with the tassels of his vest and seemingly not the slightest bit interested in what was going on about him.

"And you, knave," questioned the noble, "have you anything to ask? If so, ask it now or I will have little left to give if the game goes on thus."

"Fear not; nay, fear not," answered the fool; "your friends have been courteous, moderate in their requests, but none of them has asked you for that portion of your possessions which I covet. They have asked you for gold, blood and power—power unlimited. But I ask only for stones." A loud strain of laughter ran through the circle.

"Stones!" echoed the Count. "Vassip, you shall have them to your heart's content, in any place and in whatever form you wish."

"I will hold you to your word, Count of Slavna. I will have them there, on the crest of that bold rock that stands there in the boiling torrent of the Krath like a mighty sentinel; and in the shape of a strong castle in which, if need be, I may hold my own!" was the extraordinary reply.

"Simpleton!" cried one individual of that merry circle, "not even the Count can accomplish your desire. Your wish is lost."

"Keep silent!" roared the Count in a thunderous voice, as he proudly rose from the earth, where he had been seated upon a heap of skins. "Who dares to say that the great Count of Slavna cannot grant that wish, if such be his will? Hear me! The castle of Vassip shall be built."

And it was built—and within a year it was the pride of the country for miles around. Maidens admired its courtly halls, warriors its strong walls. The Count himself, enraptured with the beauty of the castle, bought it from Vassip for a huge sum of gold and then made it the chief seat of his vast domains.

But, unfortunately, little by little the habit of self-indulgence fell upon the luxurious noble; yet he still loved the chase beyond all else on earth, and his dogs were of the fleetest and finest breed.

One day his favorite dog, a prize hound, came howling with pain into the room where the Count was seated. The dog lay down at his master's feet and nursed his injured foot. At the sight a violent fit of anger seized the Count. For a few moments he was blinded with fury. Who on earth had the audacity to cripple his favorite hound? Whoever committed that gross crime should be punished severely. After a careful investigation the Count learned that one of his oldest and most trusted vassals was the culprit. The Count summoned the old man before him to plead his cause. The nobleman was not without a small sense of justice. The old man did as he was ordered and plead guilty! The now trembling vassal cried aloud and great tears welled up in his eyes.

"Master, forgive me. I injured your dog in order to save my own life. He threatened to

jump at my throat because I took his meat away from him when I thought he had finished with it. I am sure he would have killed me if I had not struck him in time. You would have, too, if you had seen the look in his eyes. Oh, master, have pity on me, a poor old man."

But the unreasonable noble, who was almost insane with rage, ordered the offender to be thrown from the window casement of his room into the deep waters of the river below.

For once in his life the old man lost his temper. He hurled maledictions upon the Count and his whole court. There was a struggle, a shriek of agony, and a splash upon the river wave. Then all was silent. The old man had gone to his doom.

A year went by in festival and pride; and the day on which the monstrous crime had been committed returned unheeded. There was a feast in the castle and the Count gradually grew heavy with wine.

A half hour later, when his guests had left him and only his body servants remained, he sat in an easy chair by the window—the very one from which the unfortunate vassal had been thrown to his death just a year ago that day. The window casements had been flung open so as to admit fresh air into the heated chambers. The Count had fallen into a stupor, and the body servants, instead of caring for their master, were curiously watching the movements of a raven, that black-winged Nemes's of ill omen, which from time to time rested upon the window sill or hovered menacingly, goatingly, over the unconscious noble. But after all, the servants of a great household are a frivolous lot, for they immediately left the Count's side and had followed a pretty housemaid who had just at that moment flirted with them.

In the meantime the raven added one more deed to the long list of odious crimes which he had already committed. "Vengeance is mine!" seemed to be his cry, for he gave a sharp caw and then——Horrors! What fearful use that bird could make of his long, cruel beak! For without the slightest hesitation that black-hearted bird had suddenly flown to the Count's side and thrust his terrible beak into the Count's right eye and pierced his brain! Could such agony be endured on earth! With a stifled groan the noble felt his way to the window casement. Then in a frenzy of madness the tortured Count leaped, and plunged down, down, down, and was swallowed by the roaring Krath.

The servants returned to the Count's chamber in a rollicking mood. But once over the threshold of the room where the tragedy had occurred the expression on their faces changed to fear mixed with anxiety. Their master was gone. He had disappeared, vanished. Where had he gone. No one knew. What was this? A little wet red spot on the floor here, and there another and another. Blood! Drops of blood, undoubtedly from a wound which the Count had just received. But what mystery shrouded the room? Had the Count been murdered? The old superstitious mood of a highly imaginative people entered their hearts. Then they remembered the crime the Count had committed the year before and connected it with the mysterious flights of the raven. There he was again circling over the river. Perhaps he could solve the mystery.

After several days of careful searching the Count's subjects were all of one mind: A year ago the Count had murdered a helpless man. He had gloried in the thought of the horrible crime. Heaven had witnessed the deed. And the mysterious raven had been the righteous avenger.

MARION

By ETHEL DODGE

Little old Mrs. Denby sat calmly and contentedly on her narrow front porch, her sweet wrinkled face and gingham-aproned figure almost hidden under the tangle of pink climbers and heavy-sweet honeysuckle that embowered all the front of the house. Pink climbers, too, crept all over the tiny yard and honeysuckle trailed languidly over the back fence; but the chicken-coop, that ordinarily useful but ugly shack was especialy graced by a great sheaf of morning-glories of that cerulean hue, of all colors the most rare in Nature. The whole little establishment combined grace with good husbandry and riotous profusion with neatest good order.

The day's work was all done, and the mistress of the little farm found ample time to enjoy the calm peace and quiet which everywhere surrounded her, and to knit industriously upon the sturdy pair of men's socks which were never far from her hands when there was no other more strenuous piece of work to be done. And on a farm of the limited proportions of Meadowbrook one does not find oneself overburdened with tasks, especially when one's husband is a very mild and tractable old man, and there is no troop of children to rescue from the thousand and one difficulties into which children have the remarkable faculty of falling.

But it was for these same cares and responsibilities that the old lady had always longed. To have little paths worn through her neat front lawn; to have the climbers pulled to bits by little hands seeking "bunks" for hide-and-seek; to have her spotless rugs and mirrored floors worn and defaced by little feet—all these were to her the supreme joys of life upon this earth.

She sighed a little as she looked down the quiet road and wished that something would come around the bend—perhaps their "annual automobile," as she and her husband had come to call it—or something perhaps even more wonderful and surprising—for the quiet beauty of Nature palls sometimes a little even upon those who love it best and are most accustomed to it.

Mrs. Denby had just decided that the day had proved bereft of adventure and novelty and had risen to go into the house, when a familiar purring sound from the direction of the bend announced the slow approach of an exceedingly handsome touring car, which lazily scuffed the reddish dust of the narrow road behind it.

The little old lady tilted her chin to a convenient angle and regarded the occupants of the car with an ill-concealed interest and delight.

The most noteworthy feature of the whole affair was the exceedingly stately individual at the wheel. In the almost incredible perfection of his carefully chiseled Roman nose, in the conventional cut of his dark-blue side-whiskers, in the snowy pallor of his well-preserved but rather burnt-out countenance, he bore all the marks of the very best and most newly acquired aristocracy of this country. His wife, no doubt attracted to him by the laws of the attraction of opposites, was as striking a contrast to him as could very well be. She occupied a very considerable portion of the seat beside him, and monopolized, in a shrill voice, a very considerable portion of the conversation. Over her well-rounded proportions the gaze of Mrs. Denby swept with the speed of the now more rapidly moving car. The features of the man were more conspicuous, but the person who chiefly attracted the old lady's attention was the little girl of nine or ten who was the only occupant of the back seat. She resembled her father as decidedly as a thoroughly attractive person can ever resemble a thoroughly unattractive one. Her white skin was sprinkled with a generous supply of golden-brown freckles, and her features were formed with an agreeable and half-boyish ruggedness. She possessed a pair of sweet, honest grey eyes of indeterminate origin—perhaps inherited from some forefather, a long climb down the family tree for whom the family now entertained a vague kind of contempt, but who had not been ashamed to labor with his hands for the good of generations to come, the prosperity of which his descendants now deigned to enjoy. A short crop of thick black hair was held neatly in place by a circular comb, which pushed it severely back from the small face.

Just as the car was passing out of earshot there floated back from it a shrill shriek of maternal wrath, "You stop that now, Marion"—with a sharp slap at the end as an exclamation point.

In an instant Mrs. Denby had sprung to her feet with flashing eyes and flushing cheeks, every muscle in her body taut.

"Oh, you——!" she burst out incoherently. Then, shaking her head sadly, turned and went into the house.

That evening when John Denby came home from the field for supper his ready eyes took instant note of the fact that his wife's step was not so light or her smile so ready as he had been used to seeing it. She worked feverishly about and made little obvious efforts to clear the clouded atmosphere. He said nothing, however, but patiently bided his time. Finally, when the table had been set and supper was nearly ready, Mrs. Denby suddenly dropped down on a chair and began abruptly and with an oddly embarrassed air:

"You know, John, there was a party passed today in a big car—a man, woman and a little girl. The grown folks weren't very much to see, but the little girl was pretty's a picture, John—or any way," she added truthfully, "she might not have been exactly pretty, but she was the sweetest-faced young one I think I ever saw. Well, she'd done something—I don't know what—that the woman didn't exactly like, and the old thing slapped her, John—think of that!" Her voice trembled, and she leaned forward tensely.

John thoughtfully rammed home a good supply of tobacco for his pipe.

"Some folks are curiously made," he observed. "Now, suppose that was our child—" his voice trailed off and he gazed pensively into his thick cloud of tobacco smoke.

The next morning Mrs. Denby was wakened by the unusual clatter of a wagon past the house. She got up and peered cautiously through the snowy curtains. What she saw caused her to fall back limply upon the bed, calling, "John! John!" with most unnecessary force. For beside the driver, Mr. Brown, their nearest neighbor, sat—little Marion! And—yes, the team was actually stopping before their house!

Hastily throwing something around her, she flew downstairs, closely followed by John, only half-awake and very much alarmed by this sudden change in his wife's usually placid manner.

Mr. Brown leisurely climbed down and greeted the couple with an air of the deepest importance.

"A word with you inside, folks," he requested solemnly. "And you set still there, kid," he advised Marion, shaking his head at her sideways.

Admitted within the parlor, he peered cautiously all around the room, as though fearful of the child's being concealed under possible sofas or behind possible curtains. Then began in a penetrating undertone:

"There have happened a turrible thing, neighbors, down to the railway crossing—that there have. A big ottermobile—very handsome ottermobile it was, too," he added impressively. "And there was in it three people—'twas man, woman and that little gurl there. Well, the loc'motive hit 'em, it did, jest as they was crossin' the track. The woman—great, fat woman she was, too—screamed blue fire, and fust thing everyone knowed they was on their heads, and plumb killed they was, too. Pair of fools," he added, in an awesome whisper.

"Lord fergive me fer sayin' so, but then, 'twon't hurt 'em a mite after they're dead. Only, o' course, the little girl ain't dead," he added in explanation; "she's settin' out in the wagin. The old woman and me, we took her in for last night, but, ye see, seein' as how we're kinda squeezed fer room, why, ye see, I brung her up to you folks—fer a while, anyhow," he finished, with a shrug of his shoulders and a half-apologetic smile.

Shocked and grieved as Mrs. Denby had been at news of the accident, she made no remark, but hurried out to the little girl waiting so anxiously in the wagon. As she drew near she saw that the child's face was very white and her eyes big and scared. Without a word the motherly woman lifted the sturdy child in her frail arms, and setting her carefully down, kissed her softly on the forehead.

"Dear," she said, quietly and simply, "come into the house now and rest a bit, and have a

(Continued on page 30)

SCIENCE CLUB

The Science Club, in its second meeting of the term, began well its fulfillment of the heavy program scheduled for the year. It had secured Dr. Crane, instructor at the Newark Technical School and well known authority in the field of research chemistry, to give a lecture on perfumes and perfumery.

Dr. Crane's enlightened talk consisted of an account of the hisory of the business of perfume making from the beginning, and an explanation of the various sources of the products. Here came the interesting statement that the use of perfume is not recent, but can be traced back to the beginning of the race of man.

Perfumes may, in general, be divided into two classes—those derived from vegetables and those from animal sources. Rose and violet are representatives of vegetable perfumess, which are by far the most numerous, while musk is an example of the animal perfumes.

Dr. Crane, at the same time, made a number of perfumes before the eyes of the club, so that all might see them in the actual process of preparation. To conclude, he compounded an entirely new perfume, specially prepared, which in honor of the school he named "Barringer Blossoms."

RADIO CLUB

Probably the most active society in Barringer at the present time is the Radio Club. Every Wednesday, during the seventh period, meetings are held in the Science lecture room. At every meeting a program of interest to all is given.

On one recent occasion a debate, or, rather, a general discussion was held on the topic, "The Advantages and Disadvantage of Radio Frequency Amplification." A great amount of interesting and valuable information on the subject was brought out. The end of the discussion found three real advantages of radio frequency amplification and one real disadvantage.

At another meeting a demonstration was given, apparatus for the purpose being loaned by members, and the radio telephone music furnished by broadcasting stations. A large number were present and enjoyed the program from the air.

While, of course, there are not demonstrations at every meeting, there are features which no one in any way interested in the subject of wireless can afford to miss. Talks are given on the construction and operation of apparatus. Questions of members are answered by those who are authorities on the subject, and help is given in solving their problems. Code practice is often held for those who desire. The school is frequently in operation for the benefit of all who care to listen in.

Great things are being planned for the not-distant future. If you wish to learn what these are, and to share in them, come out to the next meeting. The only requirement for membership is a Science Club membership card. Come and bring your friends.

CHESS AND CHECKER CLUB

On Tuesday, Feb. 28, the Barringer Chess and Checker Club was organized for this semester. The main business on hand, namely, the election of officers, was taken up as soon as the

meeting was called to order. Good Barringer club spirit was displayed by all who were present. In a short time a number of candidates were nominated, and the actual voting was begun.

When the smoke of battle had cleared away the following persons were proclaimed the victors:

President—David Gladstone.
Vice-President—Peter Zazalli.
Secretary—Angelo Rosamilia.
Treasurer—Samuel Green.

The president then appointed a committee of five, with Morris Rotman as chairman, for the purpose of conducting an elimination tournament to determine who shall constitute Barringer's chess and checker teams.

After a short discussion on heterogeneous topics pertaining to chess and checkers, the meeting was concluded.

It is safe to predict that under the guidance of such capable officers, and with the largest membership in its history, the Chess and Checker Club of Barringer will enjoy the most successful term of its existence.

The club extends a cordial invitation to any student who wishes to learn or who is interested in either chess or checkers. Room 25 is serving as the temporary headquarters of our rising young club.

Show your spirit and come around at noon!

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

CHATTIN

A meeting of the French Circle was held on Friday, March 17. The meeting was called to order by President Silberfeld, and the minutes of the last meeting read and accepted. Announcement was made of the delegates to the convention of the Alliance Francaise, to be held in New York in May. A membership campaign was inaugurated, every member of the club being made a member of the committee to get new members. A minimum membership of three hundred is desired, and this could be greatly exceeded if every student taking French joined.

Anyone who is interested in French and France, even if he has little or no knowledge of the language, should join at once. In fact, he cannot afford not to be a member, for the program for the term, which was announced at this meeting, is full of things both interesting and instructive.

After the business was concluded, the meeting was turned over to Mr. Crosse, who delighted the club by giving several selections of French Canadian poetry by Drummond.

If you are taking French and desire to join this wide-awake organization, give your name at once to the agent in your room. Now is the time to act!

CLASS NOTES

CHATTIN

4A CLASS

A special meeting of the 4A Class was held on Tuesday, March 14. The meeting was called to order by President Haight. The chairman of the picture committee then made his report, and the class voted to accept it. Instructions were given as to the time and place for taking photographs. Other important business pertaining to the class was discussed, after which the meeting was adjourned.

The 4A-1B reception was held on Tuesday afternoon, March 14, at 4 P. M. After the 1B's had assembled in the auditorium, President Haight of the 4A class welcomed the newcomers to Barringer. Then Laurence Burgyes presented the merits of the Science Club, and Eli Silberfeld represented the language clubs, assisted by members of the French, Italian and Spanish clubs.

Miss Darnell then made a plea for the support of the glee clubs and the orchestra, after which Fairlie McNear, editor of The Acropolis, told of the scope and merits of our school paper. Janet Hattersly told of the work and the aims of the Thalians, and by way of illustration a short playlet was given by members of this dramatic organization.

Mr. Stearns concluded the program by speaking to the freshmen on Barringer and its relation to them. For entertainment, two dances were given. The parents were then served with refreshments.

DEBATES

On the evening of March 23 a triangular debating contest was held, Barringer, Montclair and East Orange being the contestants. The question was "Resolved, That the United States Government should cancel the debts of its allies." Each school had both a negative and an affirmative team, which debated at different schools. Thus Barringer's affirmative team met Montclair at Barringer, and its negative team journeyed to East Orange.

Our affirmative team, which met Montclair's negative team here, was composed of

David Gladstone,
Percy Olton,
Gilbert Inglis,
Sidney Blumberg, alternate.

The rebuttal was made by Percy Olton. Barringer won by a two-to-one verdict.

In the debate with East Orange Barringer was represented by

Harold Davis,
Charles A. Bradley,
Harry Weisman,
Mabel Walters, alternate,

who defended the negative side of the question. East Orange turned out in large numbers to hear the debate, which they won by a decision of two to one.

Meanwhile, East Orange went down to defeat before Montclair at Montclair. Each of the three schools won at home and lost away from home. Hence the three debates resulted in a triple tie, each school winning with the affirmative team and losing with the negative.

Barringer and the Rostrum regret the small attendance at the home debate. The good work done by both Barringer teams deserved more generous support than was accorded them by their school.

Percy Olton, of our affirmative team, and Charles Bradley, of the negative team, were especially effective in rebuttal.

Debating affords good training in both thinking and speaking. Take advantage of the opportunities for debate afforded by the Rostrum, and thus prepare for the debating teams next year.

The Girls' League devoted its regular March meeting on the 22d to our Loyalty Campaign. An invitation was given to all the boys, so the entire morning session of the school attended the meeting. The program was begun by the flag salute, followed by the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" and a hymn by the school.

The president, Helen Stevens, made a short speech, after which she introduced the new officers: Alice Smith, vice-president; Edna Van Duyne, recording secretary; Elizabeth Devoe, treasurer; Ellen Thompson, corresponding secretary. Each of the officers responded with a short talk, in which they expressed their appreciation and gratitude to the girls for electing them to their positions.

The secretary's and the treasurer's reports were read and accepted. Harriette Bellah explained why we need a loyalty campaign at this time, and Helen Mawha gave a short talk on loyalty. Following this, Ruth Jacobson described our new banner.

Then Mr. Stearns told us what he thought of the campaign and how we could make it a success. He said that if we were loyal to our homes and to ourselves we could not help being loyal to our school. He also told us that our banner will hang on one side of the platform and at each assembly we shall repeat our pledge to Barringer.

Alice Smith then presented loyalty pins to both Mr. Stearns and Miss Coult, who did so much to make the campaign a success. The school closed the program by singing our Pledge Song and repeating our Barringer Pledge.

The program was later repeated at an afternoon assembly.

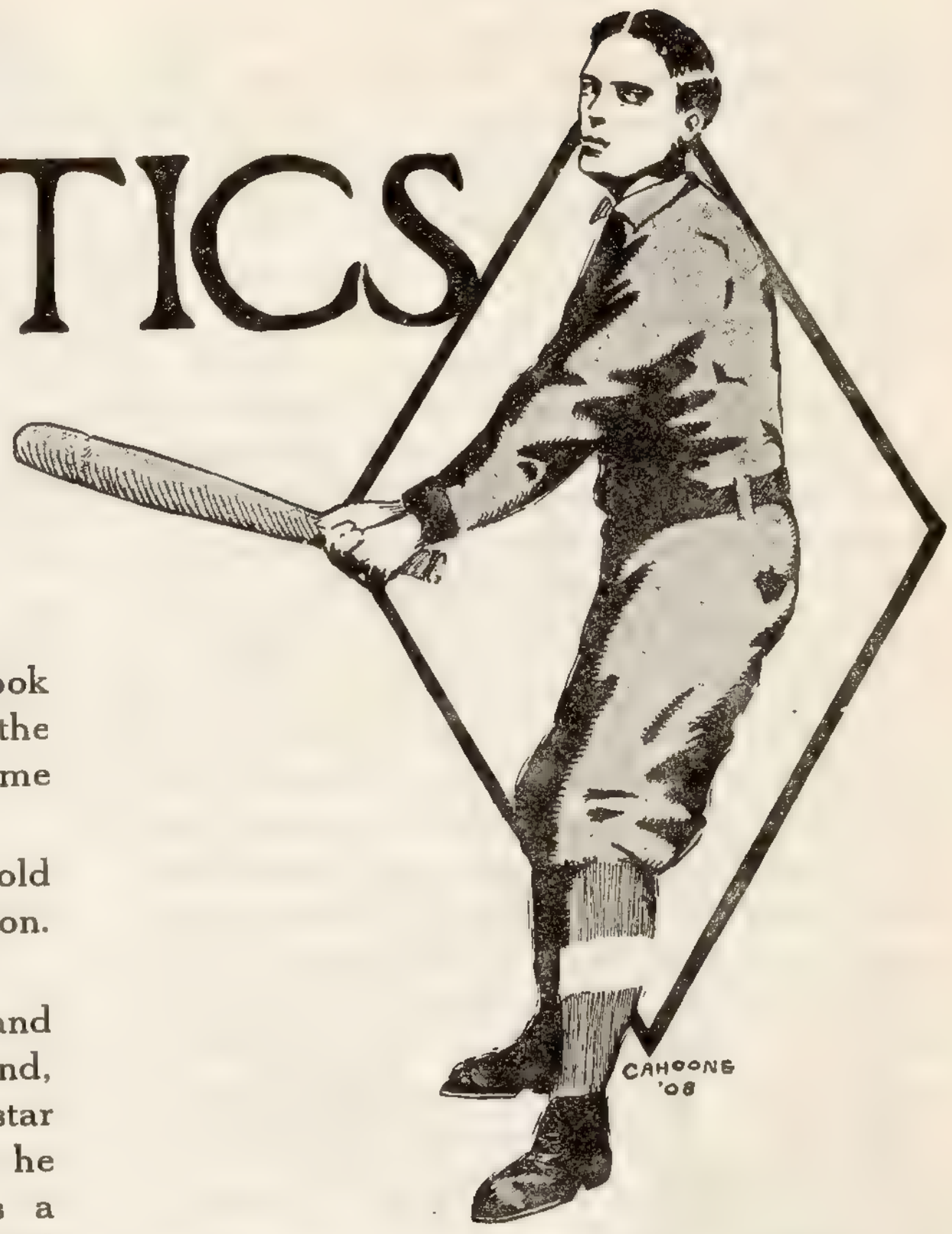
Peggy (to man on aviation field): "What kind of brakes do they use on airplanes?"

Aviator: "Why, air brakes, of course."

He fell in love with her photo and asked her for the original.

But it developed that she gave him the negative.

ATHLETICS



BASEBALL

"Looks pretty good!" say we, as we look over Barringer's team any afternoon in the park. Quite a bunch of candidates have come out and they seem to know something.

Here comes Coach Fields with Witt, an old player, who pitched for Barringer last season. Witt still has his former pep.

Over on third Maybaum looks good and ought to come around nicely. On second, Young Townley might do. He'll be a star second baseman if he picks up as quickly as he has started. Eichorn shows up well as a pitcher and outfielder. Over in left field Brower seems on the job. Freda ought to make a good first baseman, or play third.

Blumenthal looms up for catcher, and his last season's experience ought to help him much.

Way out there chasing flies, we see "Doc" Malanga, who nips them at all angles. He can hit, too, and we're going to be disappointed if Malanga doesn't sock out a few "homers" each game.

There are some promising pitchers, too, among the new men. Kaplan, Wright and Pollack all look good. So does Gardinier. As for catchers, Hudson, Thum, Caprio and Centanni are out and look promising.

On first base we see Cross, Byrnes and Lenz; which one will permanently "hug the sack" is hard to tell. Faston and Reale look like they can catch flies in the outfield. Tillou and Mauro are out for second base, and they're on the job. Traina makes a pretty good shortstop for a beginner.

"It looks like a good team," say we, as we wend our way back to the team room, where we see Sawatsky turning on showers, lights and his heels, with 1001 things to do; keeping the books and bawling the team to "Hurry up! I want to get home! Whose shoe is this?"

Looks like Mr. Fields is going to come through with the goods, doesn't it? But he says: "The success of this season's team will depend upon the fellows themselves; absolute co-operation and system must be practiced, a friendly spirit fostered, and Barringer 'pep' must back us. Without all this we're 'out of luck.'"

CRACKS OFF THE BAT

Another game! Barringer vs. Blair at Blairstown on May 30. R-U-Goin'?

First game on April 18—Barringer vs. East Side. If this paper comes out before the 18th this is an announcement; if not, it's history.

Question: What position would Mr. Fields play on the All-American Nine?

Answer: The same position Mr. Bauman would play in the New Jersey Sailboat Races.

LOOK OUT!

Carl Bauman and Platt Adams are beginning to show results. Our "B" relay team, consisting of Baney, Browne, Byrnes and Thigpen, came in second at the Elizabeth meet, hot on the heels of Mercersburg's crack team. Mercersburg has always boasted of its pack of "Husky Warriors," but our boys sure gave them a "run for their money."

Sometimes it takes a long while to develop an all-around track team, and sometimes it takes longer. Considering the outlook at the beginning of the season, and the steady improvement of our team, a great deal of credit must go to the coaches as well as the men.

Outdoor practice, which will be held regularly, has already begun, and if you chance to wander into the park any fine afternoon you'll be sure to see among others Inglis and Silberfeld hopping over the bars and being developed into good high jumpers. Eli has already made a name for himself and is going to do it again, if he keeps up practicing. Inglis is going to cop something, too, as he can almost walk over the bar without exerting himself.

On the half-mile Peeks and Wooster look good, and we expect them to pull in points fo the Blue and White.

Our old steady Wehner will show us something in the mile if he keeps on practicing with the same "pep." Olton is another good "miler" who's going to make good.

We looked for pole vaulters and shot putters, but they hadn't started in to practice. A few more are needed, so if you can vault or put the shot, lose no time in seeing Mr. Bauman. Also hurdlers. Come out and try.

If you want to have a lot of fun, grow healthy and become famous, try out for javelin hurling and discus throwing.

In the Central meet, Baney showed up well in the half-mile. Thompson came fourth in the hurdles.

TAKE NOTICE !

There will be a dual track meet on April 22 between Blair Academy and Barringer. Are you going? Watch for announcement of a special party which will be formed. Girls are in this, too. Ask mamma now.

Barringer will also be represented in the Penn Relays, but at the time we pen this we don't know when. Look at the schedule.

"THE ROAD TO HEALTH"

Clang! The trumpeter's horn is heard rattling in the distance and the sound of horse's hoofs is distinctly audible. Into the Greek forum dashes Apollo (Red Woerner) in a chariot drawn by sixteen husky Greeks. Then there follows a marvelous exhibition of javelin hurling, discus throwing, Greek gymnastics and Greek dancing.

That is Barringer's part in the pageant, "The Road to Health," which will be presented at the Gym exhibit at the Armory on Friday evening, April 21, marking the close of the convention of the American Physical Education Association which will meet in Newark in April

Most of the leading physical instructors in the State are represented in this association.

There will also be an apparatus exhibition by fifty trained boys, and a presentation of modern gymnastics by the girls.

Then will come the parade, in which we shall see Barringer's football, baseball and track men, as well as the girls' field hockey team in uniform.

A ten-minute exhibition of an athletic meet will also be presented. Barringer boys will participate in the hurdles, dashes, high and broad jumps and the shot put. The girls will present a relay, high jumping, hurdling and running.

Since the dual meet with Blair comes upon the day after this exhibit it is doubted whether any Barringer "stars" will appear in the track exhibition.

Many more surprises are in store. The gym teachers are working out some new "stunts." The whole affair will be staged under the supervision of Miss Decker, Miss Duncan, Messrs. Bauman and Fields, with Mrs. Gracie at the piano.

Get your tickets now.

Fifty cents.

INTERCLASS BASEBALL

Last season an interclass baseball league was formed, consisting of teams from various rooms, and regular games were played. Mr. Fields announces that the league will again be formed and that the teams should be organized as early as possible. He especially wants the

(Continued on page 30)

A little story about chemistry for the children.

(N. B.—This story is not true and is not intended to imply that the editors wish it to be true.—Ed.):

Chemistry ROOM,
Mister DUMM,
Awful FUME,
Loud BOOM,
Dire DOOM,
Granite TOMB,
Students—GLOOM.

An Irishman, boasting of his brother's bravery in the war, said that while in action his brother had one arm shot off, but he rushed into the enemy trench and, seizing a German in each hand, killed them by knocking their heads together.

"But," remonstrated one listener, "you said he had had one arm blown off."

"Sure, so he had," said the Irishman, "but he forgot all about that in the excitement."

Bootblack: "Shine, sir?"

"No, thanks!"

Bootblack: "Shine yer boots so's yer can see yer face in 'em, sir?"

"No, thanks!"

Bootblack: "Coward!"

Danger Ahead

Two rustic sports, after having interviewed a bootlegger, were uncertainly flivvering their way home from the county-seat.

"Bill," said Henry, "I want ye to be ver' careful. Firs' thing y' know you'll have us in a ditch."

"Me!" said Bill, in astonishment. "Why, I thought you was drivin'!"

Francesca: "My dressmaker says that a simple little thing suits me best."

Ray: "Was she referring to me?"

A woman entered a shop and approached an assistant. "I want something out of the ordinary—something that none of the other women are wearing."

"Certainly, madam. Men's clothing. Third floor."

"Ah, h'm!" said the attorney. "So, naturally, you want justice?"

"I don't want no such thing," roared the uncouth client. "I want damages!"

McGuire: "I say, old top, I'm looking for a little financial succor."

Toner: "You're looking at the wrong guy. I'm not the little financial sucker I used to be."

"Is he married?" a woman was asked.

"I don't think so," she replied. "He has a banking account."

Don: "I hear you have a boarder."
Dan: "Oh, that was only a roomer."

He: "You're a dumbbell."
She: "Well, dumbbells go in pairs."

"Come along now," ordered the policeman, handcuffing the prisoner's wrist to his own.

"Of course, I will," said the prisoner. "I'm very much attached to you."

Mr. Johnson: "And now we find that x equals zero."

Byrnes: "Gee! All that work for nothing."

Brown: "Will that watch tell time?"
Baney: "No, you have to look at it."

Diner: "Hey, miss!"
Waitress: "Don't serve it, sir!"

He: "Did you hear about Billy winning the loving cup?"

She: "Yes, isn't he good at it?"

Haight: "Why is the little finger on the statue of Liberty only eleven inches long?"

Coit: "Give it up."

George: "Because if it were an inch longer it would be a foot."

Some love two,
Some love three,
But I love you,
And that is ME.
—Exchange.

Little by little a little grows less little, but be a spend thrift and the little grows a little less.

The professor had written on the back of a theme: "Please write more legibly."

Student (next day): "Professor, what is this you put on my paper?"

Stude: "I think I have a cold or something in my head."

Teacher: "Probably a cold."

"I've had a very trying day."
"Much business?"
"No, jury duty."

Frank: "That was a great dance! I made some impression on Bea."

Jeff: "I guess you did; she's been limping ever since."

EXCHANGE

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"High School Life," Devil Lake, North Dakota.

"Lal Bagh Chronicle," Lucknow, India.

"The Frateck," Newark Technical School.

"The Critic," Hackensack High School.

"Alleynian," Dulwich College, England.

"Holman Magazine," Girls' High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

"The Parrot," Irvington High School.

"Altruist," Emerson High School, West Hoboken, N. J.

"Annex Bits and Chips," Memphis, Tenn.

"The Karux," Phillipsburg, N. J., High School.

"The Wesleyan Argus," Middletown, Conn.

"The Princetonian," Princeton, N. J.

"Yale News," New Haven, Conn.

"Colgate Maroon," Hamilton, N. Y.

"The Williams Record," Williamstown, Mass.

"Middlebury Campus," Middlebury, Vt.

"The Targum," Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J.

"Lehigh Brown and White," Bethlehem, Pa.

"The Monad," Belleville High School, N. J.

"Cleveland Alternate," Cleveland Junior High.

"The E. O. H. S. News," East Orange, N. J.

"South Orange High School News," South Orange, N. J.

"The Somerset Idea," Somerset, Ky.

"The Optimist," South Side High School.

"The Polymnian," Newark Academy.

"Peddie News," Hightstown, N. J.

"The Owl," Woodbine High School.

"The Tiger," Princeton University.

"High School Courant," Bradford, Pa.

"Lafayette Messenger," Lafayette School.

"Speed Up," Submarine Boat Corp., Port Newark.

"The Parnassian," Passaic High School.

"The Kayrix," St. Benedict's Preparatory School.

"The Sentinel," High School, New Haven, Conn.

"The Polygraph," Polytechnic, Montana.

"The Event—New Supplement," Mt. Hebron School, Upper Montclair.

COMMENT

"The Polymnian," Newark Academy. We enjoy reading "The Polymnian" and are glad to see it so often among our exchanges. This paper certainly is full of life and has the necessary amount of pep.

'South Orange High School News," South Orange. "The News" is a very welcome exchange. Congratulations on your debating teams. They are something to be proud of, for rounding up such complete victories.

"The Owl," Woodbine High School. Although "The Owl" is a small paper, it is very newsy and full of life. Why not add a School News department?

"The Optimist," South Side High School. "The Optimist" certainly is an interesting paper and the cuts in it are especially clever. Why not enlarge your Athletic Department and cut down a little on the Alumni section?

"Peddie News," Peddie Institute. As usual, "Peddie News" was enjoyed very much by us.

However, we noticed how few the jokes were and could not seem to find an Exchange Department.

"High School Courant," Bradford High School, Pa. The Oriental number of "The Courant" was read with great interest. We wonder by what method you obtain so many advertisements! Come again.

"The Fratech," Newark Technical School. It certainly was a treat to read the February number of "The Fratech." Hope you will visit us again soon.

"The Somerset Idea," Somerset, Kentucky. "The Idea" is **multum in parvo.** However, a few cuts would look well scattered through your paper.

"Lafayette Messenger," Lafayette School. "Lafayette Messenger" is a fine paper for grammar school pupils. We should suggest, however, you put the table of contents in the front of the book instead of on the last page! Glad to hear from you. Come again.

"Speed Up," Port Newark Shipyard. We always enjoy hearing from you. The Barge Canal Number was particularly interesting. The huge number of cuts astouded us. We are glad to see you any time. Keep on coming!

"Lal Bagh Chronicle," Lucknow, India. What a pleasure it is to hear from far-off India! We always enjoy your magazine, for it has good material and is arranged in an attractive way. The article, "The Indian Woman and Her Religion," is especially interesting to us.

"Critic," Hackensack High School. Your literary department is excellent. A table of contents is missing, and an athletic department is either lost, strayed or stolen. Hope you will let us hear from you again.

"Alleynian," Dulwich College, England. Your magazine, "Alleynian," conveys to us an excellent idea of college life in England. Why not add a Literary Department? We are sure, judging from the rest of your paper, that you have enough talent.

"Holman Magazine," Philadelphia, Pa. Girls, you certainly deserve the greatest praise! The cover of your magazine is attractive and the magazine itself is great. We might suggest that you collect your jokes under one department.

"Parrot," Irvington High School. Your entire paper carries to us the idea of school spirit. Editorials are dandy!

"Altruist," Emerson High School, West Hoboken, N. J. Undoubtedly our best exchange this month. Nothing adverse can be said. What a novel way you have of commenting on your exchanges.

"Annex Bits and Chips," Memphis, Tenn. Rare paper, yours. Not many schools have their own Poet's Corner. Congratulations to you.

"Karux," Phillipsbury, N. J., High School. You have a nice little paper, "Karux," but your cover design for February might be improved very much. Come again.

Father: "Where are my slippers? Have you seen them, Johnny?"

Son: "No, papa; and I broke your shaving mirror by mistake today."

A. "A horse just skidded around that corner——"

B. But horses can't skid."

A. "This one was tired."

"What's the doctor treating you for?"

"He's not treating. I'm paying for it myself."

GRADUATE NOTES

BARRINGER AGAIN HONORED

According to ratings given the Freshman class at Princeton, the students from Barringer rank higher than do those from any other school, public and private. Moreover, the present Freshman class is in scholarship the best Princeton has had for several years. Stuart M. Blodgett, Clement H. Golden, Albert A. Rosenberg and Lester J. Wallace are the Barringer boys who have brought this honor to their Alma Mater.

But Barringer's distinction does not end here, for the highest honor man of the Senior class at Princeton is Robert Mapletoft, '18.

To these five in particular and to the other Barringer men who are upholding the prestige of our school in Princeton, The Acropolis extends its heartiest congratulations and rejoices in the brilliant records they are making.

Burke Boyce, a former editor of The Acropolis, is finishing his course this year in Harvard, where he has been captain of the Fencing Club; president of the Alpha Sigma Phi; editorial chairman of the Harvard Crimson, and has been mentioned as editorial associate of the Advocate. A brilliant record for a gifted young man.

David Frazer Hummel is a Barringer man who is making a reputation for himself at the University of Rochester. Hummel is a member of the senior class at Rochester and has made an enviable record in the athletic annals of that institution. He is a three-letter man, having made his letter in football, baseball and track, and will undoubtedly also make a letter in baseball during the present season. He has played on the Rochester football team for four seasons, and has become locally famous for his exceptional ability at tackling. Last fall he was chosen as a halfback on the mythical Western New York Small College Eleven.

In addition to his athletic achievements at the University of Rochester, Hummel has been an active participant in class and college activities. He is a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

"Dave" is very popular with his fellow students in college, as he was in high school, and is one of the cleverest athletes in college.

SIX GRANGER BOYS

Randolph Granger, of track fame, practicing medicine in Brooklyn.

Augustus Granger, dentist, in Harrisburg, Pa.

Leo Granger, practicing medicine in Newark.

Lester B. Granger, doing extension work at Bordentown Institution.

Lloyd Granger, dentist, in Newark.

Carl Granger, taking A.B. at Dartmouth as a pre-medical course.

Jessie Clark, of June, '17, is teaching in Camden, N. J.

Mildred Morris, of June, '21, is at Newark Normal School.

Isabel Cary, June, '20, is doing excellent work in Vassar, where she has made the Intercollegiate debating team, as a result, she says, of the courage developed here in the Rostrum. Three of her poems have been accepted by the New York Times, and one of her stories will soon appear in "The Miscellany." This is a good record for a sophomore.

Mary Margaret Barr, June, '21, who is studying in France this year, spent the Easter vacation of more than three weeks in a trip through northern and central Italy. Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, Pisa, Geneva, Monte Carlo and Nice, France, were the chief places of interest visited.

CORRECTION

The editors wish to correct a mistake made in the March Acropolis. The officers of the senior class are:

President . . . . . George Haight.
Vice-President . . . . . Ruth Jacobson.
Secretary . . . . . Francis Clark.
Treasurer . . . . . Percy Olton.

ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 24)

first and second year men to develop teams. Many present varsity players were once on class teams. Elect a captain, round up the members of your home room, form a team, send in the names to Mr. Fields, and you will be entered in the league. A faculty adviser will take charge of the series. This is good practice for those who in later seasons desire to play on the varsity nine. Hop to it!

BASEBALL SCHEDULE

April:

Tuesday, 18—East Side ..... City Field
Friday, 21—Montclair ..... Montclair
Tuesday, 25—Central ..... City Field
Friday, 28—Dickinson ..... Jersey City

May:

Tuesday, 2—South Side ..... City Field
Friday, 5—East Orange ..... East Orange
Tuesday, 9—East Side ..... City Field
Monday, 22—Central ..... City Field
Wednesday, 24—N'w'k Academy—Academy
Friday, 26—East Orange ..... City Field
Tuesday, 30—Blair Academy ..... Blair

June:

Thursday, 1—South Side ..... City Field

MARION

(Continued from page 19)

little bite to eat. John and I'll be mighty pleased to have you."

At the gentle words something within the child seemed to give way, and with a little cry she dropped her head on Mrs. Denby's shoulder and sobbed with all her might.

It was several weeks before John's conscientious efforts satisfied them that Marion had no living relatives, and that she was quite dependent upon their care. Great as was their longing for her, they would not think of keeping her from anyone who had the natural right to care for her. But now that their ownership was firmly established, they were scarcely able to believe their happiness.

The little girl was still very quiet and subdued, but every day grew more happily content, and adjusted herself more easily to her surroundings. And in her the old couple found the drop to complete their cup of happiness—the little child to keep their hearts light and their front grass worn in patches.

TRACK SCHEDULE

The track team will take part in the following meets:

Blair Academy.
New Jersey State.
New Jersey Interscholastic Association.
City I. A. A.
New York University.
Princeton University.
Dickinson.
Central.
Erasmus Hall.
Stuyvesant.
St. Benedict's.

EASTER VISITORS

Our readers may be interested to see the names of some graduates who returned to visit the school during their Easter vacation. Here they are: Margaret Kohn, Louise Durand and Louise Urguhart from Vassar, Constance Carpenter, Dot Stone and Dorothy Breingan from Wellesley, Robert Bishop and Gil. Thornton from Dartmouth, and last, but not least, Charlotte Stearns home from National Park Seminary. They all look as if college life spells health and happiness for them.

Here lies a fellow named John Jay,
He died maintaining his right of way;
He was right, dead right, as he sped along,
Now he's just as dead as if he'd been dead wrong.

HONOR ROLL

(Continued from page 5)

1B Room 63[1]. Margaret Smith, William Cairns.
Room 66[1]. Isabelle Neudorper, Gretchen Petry.
Room 82[1]. William Stevens.
Room 86[1]. Harry Fox, Edwin Laspanna, John McCorman.
Room 91[1]. Edythe Herbelt, Elizabeth Eagles.
Room 92[1]. William Angilly, Ethel Buchanan, James Butterworth, Charles Green, Idella Rector, Robert Wirsching.

Omitted from February Honor Roll

4B Room 50. Vera Nutty.
3A Room 57. Albert Avallone.

Willing to Oblige

A young couple, coming from the suburbs to New York City, arrived very early and decided to have lunch. They visited a tea-room and had the place all to themselves.

In serving them the waitress omitted to supply a teaspoon, and the fair young bride whispered the fact to her husband.

Summoning the waitress, the young man asked, "May we have a spoon?"

"Why, certainly," replied the girl; "I am just tidying up and you can have the whole room to yourselves in a minute or two."

Wood: "You're a liar, sir."

Congleton: "Say that again and I'll knock you down, sir."

Phil: "Consider it said again, sir."

Richy: "Consider yourself knocked down, sir."

As the train neared the station the colored porter approached and inquired:

"Shall Ah brush you off,suh?"

"No, thanks," replied the jovial gentleman. "I prefer to get off in the usual manner."

G. SCHEINER

Manufacturer
of

FINE ANTIQUE FURNITURE

114 BELLEVILLE AVENUE

NEWARK, N. J.

News Item

Rice is now composing a brand new set of stock jokes to be used in morning classes. The only survivor of the old set now remaining is the well known:

"Cold? Well, we'll have some exercises in algebra to warm you up!"

Yes, Billy Perry is still single.

No, Marion Ohio is not a chorus girl.

No, Partington, oysters do not have elbows.

Wag: "Come home with me and see my twins."

Gag: "Sure. What are you going to name them?"

Wag: "Pete and Repeat."

Gag: "Fine! But what if they had been girls?"

Wag: "I'd call them Kate and Duplicate."

He: "There'll be a lot of disappointed girls when I marry."

She: "For heaven's sake! How many do you expect to marry?"

A lawyer thus fervidly addressed a jury: "Gentlemen of the jury, it will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and take three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity."

Ed.: "When I was a kid they told me that if I didnt' quit smoking I'd be feeble-minded."

Ray: "Well, why didn't you stop?"

Max: "Is this bay rum in the brown bottle, ma?"

Mrs. Rice: "No; it's mucilage."

Max: "No wonder I can't get my hat off."

Algebra Teacher (explaining problem): "Now watch the board while I go through it."

Miss Gush: "I just adore caviar, don't you?"

Miss Green: "I never heard him except on the phonograph."

Logic

'Tis better to be glad that you are as you are than to be glad you are not as others are.

She: "I have so much correspondence. Why, the letters are just rolling in!"

He: "They must be circular letters then."

A bricklayer was working on a scaffold when a brick slipped from his hand and alighted on the head of his mate, who was working below.

The unfortunate man started dancing about and groaning in agony.

The bricklayer stared down at him with contempt in his eyes.

"Come, come," he called down, "it can't have hurt as much as that, man. Why, it wasn't on your head half a second."

Hostess: "You refuse a second helping of pie, Johnny? Are you suffering from indigestion?"

Johnny: "No'm; politeness."

Lady (to salesman who has unrolled all the linoleum): "Thank you so much; my little boy has quite enjoyed it. I'll bring him back tomorrow to see the carpets."

She: "Tell me of your early struggles."

Haight: "There's not much to tell. The harder I struggled the more my dad laid it on."

"Well, I'll settle that little debt that I owe you. Which would you rather have in settlement—an old ten or a new one?"

"I'll take the new one."

"Just as you say." And he handed him a new one dollar bill.

Heard in 60

Janet: "Oh, I can't remember all those dates for the test."

Mr. A.: "Well, don't make so many dates over the week-end and you won't have so many to remember."

Miss Hill: "Where has my polygon?"

Evans: "Up the geometry."

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A.: "How much do you think I made today?"

B.: "How should I know?"

A.: "Well, how much do you guess?"

B.: "Oh, about half."

A.: "Half of what?"

B.: "Half of what you say."

Mother: "Johnny, will you please go to your grandpa's room and see if he is asleep."

Johnny (returning): "Yes, mother, he's asleep, 'cept his nose."

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